

Enter: A Wine Colored Gown

By RITA KELLEY

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The train was thirty minutes from Padmore when Miss Rand set up straight and began pulling the pins out of her hat, a pretty wine colored affair that exactly matched her traveling gown. Five minutes later in a tan rain coat and cap she splashed down into the pools of water on the open platform of the railway station and faced the glaring eyes of the hansom cabs, transfer wagons and a private brougham or two lined up opposite. She paused under a lamp midway of the line and looked expectant.

Only a brougham and a cab remained when Miss Rand gathered up her skirts and started down the platform. A coachman in green livery was guiding a young woman in a wine colored gown to the brougham. Miss Rand was hurrying toward the coachman when a voice drawing from the cab at her right made her stop short.

"Hello, Kate!" it said. "What in time are you doing here?"

"Well, Tommy Yates," she laughed, offering her hand, "isn't this funny?"

"Yes, isn't it?" he said, holding fast to the hand. "Don't you know enough to come in out of the rain?"

The next moment she was settling herself on the dry cushions.

"I've been standing out there hours waiting for some one to claim me," she said as the door banged shut and the cab started off. "And you sitting here all the time! Cruel! What were you doing anyway?"

"Looking for a girl very much like you," Tommy turned and gazed at her. The damp air had made little blond ringlets about her face. "You are just as pretty as ever, Kate." He leaned over and looked closer. "Yes, even prettier," he added.

"Nonsense!" she said, blushing as the cab passed under an arc light. "You are just as silly as ever, Tommy. You'll never get over that."

"What?" asked Tommy shortly.

"Silliness."

"I thought I had," said Tommy shortly. "But somehow I think I never will, either." Something in his voice made her turn and look at him.

"I am going to Brettons," she said after a silence. "I think it is 538 Grant. If the coachman did get the wrong girl I couldn't stand out in the rain another minute. You see, I was to be identified by my wine colored dress, but it rained so hard I put on this coat. I wasn't going to have the gown spoiled."

"Ah-h!" Tommy actually hugged himself. He bade the caddy stop at Martin's. "How long has it been since I saw you, Kate?"

"You have forgotten?"

"No. I just wanted to see if you remembered. Four years since you jilted me."

The cab had stopped, and Tommy was out in the streaming light of the cafe, ready to assist her. She sank back on the seat.

"Oh, oh!" she protested. "I forgot. I was to be at the Brettons for dinner. They'll be expecting me."

"Oh, pshaw! Here I was delegated to look after a girl in a wine colored frock, and now she disapproves of my scheme of entertainment!"

"Oh," said Kate, climbing out, "is that it? I thought you were simply a convenience."

"Now, see here," Tommy tucked her under the umbrella. "I'm not a kid any more. I'm assistant cashier of the bank."

They were eating their soup, when Kate straightened back in her chair.

"Tommy Yates," she exclaimed, "it was the other girl you were looking for?"

"What other girl?"

"Why, the other girl in the wine colored dress! The coachman was taking her to the carriage when you stopped me."

"Well, let him take her. You didn't see me looking for her very hard, did you?"

"Tommy Yates!" Kate leaned over the table, chin in hand. "Do you mean to say this is one of your little games?"

"Game?" Tommy was leaning over the table too. "I never was so serious in my life."

"I'm going."

"Going? What do you mean? Please don't!"

"But, you see, it is this way," she expostulated. "I don't know the Brettons. I never saw them. They're friends of my mother's just moved here, and it was arranged by the two families that I was to visit them. It seems there is a young man in whom I'm expected to find a congenial life partner."

"He's a nice sort," commented Tommy.

"You know him, then? Why, Tommy, it isn't—it can't be you?"

Tommy smiled complacently.

"We'll go up after dinner and find out," he said.

"Why, no," she laughed embarrassedly, "of course—how silly of me! They said his name was Frank. Such an ugly name! But, Tommy—she looked up suddenly from her salad—"who was the girl in the wine colored dress?"

"That," said Tommy, "is rather difficult to explain. Would it simplify matters any if I told you she is the one who is to carry off the friend of the Brettons?"

"And how about the friend?"

"Well—Tommy looked at his watch—"she has an hour and a half the start of you."

"So she is going to the Brettons?"

cried. "Do you think for a minute, Tommy Yates, that I'm going to let another girl do me out? No, sir. He's mine."

"Do you really think that much of a fellow you never have seen?" asked Tommy anxiously.

"Want him! Who said I wanted him? I wouldn't take him as a gift! But if you think I am going to let another girl take him before he's even seen me you're mistaken. She's up there now, and they think she's me—I am she."

"You are right. She's having the time of her life."

"See here, Tommy Yates, you explain this mystery. Why did you let me stand out there soaking up the rain?"

Tommy's eyes blinked.

"I couldn't really believe my eyes that you were you."

"You came down to get that girl in the wine colored dress," said Kate accusingly.

"So I did." Tommy was staring hard at her wine colored blouse. "I got her."

Kate pushed back her plate, clasped her hands on the table and looked at him.

"Explain yourself," she said.

"Happy."

"Well, why don't you begin?"

"Are you going to stay until I am through?"

"Till the crack of doom."

"Very well, then. I was going to marry that girl."

"Tommy Yates?"

"Isn't it permissible to marry?"

"And you sat there, high and dry, without ever offering to get out and find her! Tommy Yates, you're a beast!"

Tommy pulled out a box of cigarettes and flourished it. "With your permission," he said. She did not deign to answer him. He lighted one regardless.

"I decided one minute after the train pulled in that I wasn't going to marry her after all."

"And you ran back and hid your head in the cab to prevent her seeing you, I suppose?"

"I didn't get out."

"Baby! You were afraid you would get your feet wet?"

Tommy blew a wreath of smoke over the carafe.

"I was trying to figure how I was to get you into the cab and keep her out."

"Tommy!" Kate's eyes had widened.

"Did you love that girl?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Then why did you ever think of marrying her?"

Tommy made an inventory of the pretty girl before him—pink and white, blue, gold—cheeks, eyes, hair.

"She looked like you," he said shortly.

"Tommy, you don't care yet?"

"Yes, I do."

"But you were so mean to the other girl."

"She won't care. She likes money. I haven't got nearly so much as that friend of the Brettons."

"I never thought, Tommy, that you'd amount to much."

"I'm assistant cashier. I guess that's something."

"Yes, something."

"And father said I'd get to be the whole works if I settled down and married. Will you?"

"What?"

"Marry me?"

"Or the money?"

"Either."

"Well, I guess I'll take you."

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THE TREADMILL.

A Punishment Still in Vogue in Many English Prisons.

The treadmill is still in vogue at many English prisons. Within the walls is a little building, built of blue gray stone, standing somewhat apart from the main structure in a corner of the exercise ground and prison garden. On the chocolate colored door are painted in white letters the two words, "Wheel House." As the door opens the dull, grinding sound that we heard outside grows a little louder and clearer. The door closes behind us with the inevitable clash and click of the returning bolt. The house is an apartment some thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. On the left hand side are the wheels, four of them, in two tiers, divided by a gallery running the whole length of the house and communicating with the floor by a staircase at the opposite end. On the right hand side there is another lower and shorter gallery, on which stands the warder in charge. The wheels are separated by a section of brick wall.

Each wheel is divided into compartments, cutting off each prisoner from the others. The object of this is to prevent the prisoners from seeing and hearing one another, although conversation in a low voice pitched in a different key from that of "the music of the wheel" is perfectly easy and intelligible.

AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

They Are Shy of Travelers or Hunters in the Forests.

"Elephants are but rarely seen in the forests of Africa, however numerous they may be," writes an old hunter of big game in the dark continent. "This is due to many causes. In the first place, they are naturally extremely shy animals and detest the neighborhood of man. In the second place, they are largely nocturnal feeders and rarely drink or bathe except at night. They often travel immense distances to and from the water and retire during the day to the remotest portions of the forest, where they doze away the long, hot hours under the shade of trees that they can find. Lastly, their scent is extremely keen."

"This sense is so largely developed that they can recognize danger at a very long distance, and as soon as the alarm is given they move quickly but noiselessly away. As an elephant disturbed or frightened will frequently travel twenty or thirty miles without a stop, and as his pace under such circumstances is a good five miles an hour, it is easy to understand that travelers in the forest, although frequently coming upon absolutely fresh tracks, but seldom see the herd that has caused them."

INSURANCE SYSTEMS.

They Date Away Back to the Time of Claudius Caesar.

The principle of combination for protective purposes has been traced to the time of King Alfred, and according to Francis "Annals of Life Insurance," insurance on its broadest basis was practiced in the Saxon guilds.

Marine insurance dates back to the Emperor Claudius Caesar, who during a corn famine encouraged merchants to send ships for supplies by engaging to make good the value of any vessel lost in the public service. The Greeks had a somewhat similar practice, and so had the Jews, for when banished from France in the twelfth century they took out policies of insurance upon all their effects in transit.

The earliest English statute relating to insurance is dated 1601 and says, "It hath bene tyne out of mynde an usage amongst merchants both of this realm and of forreine nacyns, when they make any great adventure, to give some consideration of money to other persons, to have assurance made of all their goods, which is commonly termed a pollice of assurance."

—Pearson's Weekly.

Seventeenth Century Customs.
In the seventeenth century Englishmen thought it injurious to sleep in rooms facing the sun, so most of the rooms faced north and east, opening off a passage or else out of each other. At the head of the stairs slept the master and his wife, and all the rooms tenanted by the rest of the household were accessible only through that. The daughters of the house and maidservants lay in rooms on one side, say the right, with the maids in those most distant; those of the men lay on the left, the sons of the house nearest the chamber of the master and the serving men farthest away.

Coming Back.
On one of the streets of a southern city a dusky belle, sauntering aimlessly along, met a white haired ex-slave, who was promenade with definiteness and an approach to speed.

"Hello, Aunt Dilsey!" said the belle nonchalantly. "Where you gwine?"

"Where I gwine?" queried the old woman sharply. "Where you reckon I gwine? I ain't gwine. I done been where I gwine."

Cruel.
Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hands and told my fortune, and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose he read between the lines, darling.—Punch.

Her Portrait.
Miss Plaine—Now, get as pretty a picture of me as you possibly can. Photographer—Never fear, ma'am; when this is touched up you won't know yourself.—New Yorker.

A man is called selfish not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his neighbor's wretchedly.

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